

We are a few of those collected here
 That ruder Tongues distinguish villager;
 And to say veritie, and not to fable;
 We are a merry rout, or else a rable
 Or company, or by a figure, *Chorus*
 That fore thy dignitie will dance a Morris.
 And I that am the rectifier of all
 By title Pedagogus, that let fall
 The Birch upon the breeches of the small ones,
 And humble with a Ferula the tall ones,
 Doe here present this Machine, or this frame,
 And daintie Duke, whose doughtie dismall fame
 From *Dis* to *Dedalus*, from post to pillar
 Is blowne abroad; helpe me thy poore well willer,
 And with thy twinckling eyes, looks right and straight
 Vpon this mighty Morr—of mickle waight
 Is—now comes in, which being glewd together
 Makes Morris, and the cause that we came hether.
 The body of our sport of no small study
 I first appeare, though rude, and raw, and muddy,
 To speake before thy noble grace, this tenner:
 At whose great feete I offer up my penner.
 The next the Lord of May, and Lady bright,
 The Chambermaid, and Servingman by night
 That seeke out silent hanging: Then mine Host
 And his fat Spowse, that welcomes to their cost
 The gauled Traveller, and with a beckning
 Informs the Tapster to inflame the reckning:
 Then the beast eating Clowne, and next the foole,
 The *Bavian* with long tayle, and eke long toole,
Cum multis alijs that make a dance,
 Say I, and all shall presently advance.

Thes. I, I by any meanes, deere Domine.

Per. Produce.

Musicke Dance.

Knocke for
 Schoole. Enter
 The Dance.

Intrate filij, Come forth, and foot it,
Ladies, if we have beene merry
And have pleas'd thee with a derry,
And a derry, and a derry

Say

Say the Schoolemaster's no Clowne:
Duke, if we have pleas'd thee too
And have done as good Boyes should doe,
Give us but a tree or twaine
For at Maypole, and againe
Ere another yeare run out,
We'll make thee laugh and all this rout.

Thes. Take 20. Domine; how does my sweet heart.
Hip. Never so pleas'd Sir.

Emil. 'Twas an excellent dance, and for a preface
 I never heard a better. *(warded.)*

Thes. Schoolemaster, I thanke yon, One see'em all re-

Per. And heer's something to paint your Pole withall.

Thes. Now to our sports againe.

Sch. May the Stag thou huntst stand long,
 And thy dogs be swift and strong:

May they kill him without lets,

And the Ladies cate his dowllets: Come we are all made.

Winde Hornes.

Dij Deaq; omnes, ye have danc'd rarely wenches. *Exeunt.*

Scena 7. Enter Palamon from the Bush.

Pal. About this houre my Cosen gave his faith
 To visit me againe, and with him bring
 Two Swords, and two good Armors; if he faile
 He's neither man, nor Souldier; when he left me
 I did not thinke a weeke could have restord
 My lost strength to me, I was growne so low,
 And Crest-falne with my wants: I thanke thee *Arcite,*
 Thou art yet a faire Foe; and I feele my selfe
 With this refreshing, able once againe
 To out dure danger: To delay it longer
 Would make the world think when it comes to hearing,
 That I lay farting like a Swine, to fight
 And not a Souldier: Therefore this blest morning
 Shall be the last; and that Sword he refuses,
 If it but hold, I kill him with; tis Justice:
 So love, and Fortune for me: O good morrow.

Enter *Arcite* with Armors and Swords.

Arcite.